



D. IOAN. WEDDERBURNI
a GOSFORD,

Ævi hujus Phœnicis,

EPITAPHIUM.

Hoc tandem humanæ est fortis transcendere metam !
 GOSFORDUM, & *Fuvenem*, & sic, potuisse mori.
Aspera fata nimis ! nostro nimis invida sæclo,
Hunc non maturos passa videre dies.
Ah tantum tibi cur licuit Mare ? gloria sæcli
Nostræ, ut tam parvo clauderet orbe diem ?
Qui Patriam advenit super ardua culmina laudum,
Naufragus externis obrueretur aquis ?
Quem socium ascivit Rex prudentissimus usque,
Sive petens Pacem, seu grave Martis opus.
Nunquam illo melior quisquam, nec amantior equi,
Clara toga studiis mens, manus apta sagæ.
Ira brevis semper, vindicta nulla Cupido,
Largæque pauperibus semper aperta manus.
Idem Mæcenæ, simul & Maro : Clarus utrinque,
Hic virtutis apex, hoc pietatis opus.
Intemerata fides, probitas, constantia, candor
Labe carens, sæclo hoc non habuere parem.
Ergo quem Patria pepererunt funera luctum
Pandere, nunc lachrymis obruta musa nequit.
Nam GOSFORDIACIS Caledonia tota Parentæ
Manibus, usque votens annua iusta rogis.
O animæ viles patientius ite sub umbras,
Delicias ævi si brevis hora rapit.

On the Death of the *Phoenix* of the Age,
 The Incomparable GOSFORD,
 Shipwrack'd before *Calis*, May 26. 1688.

A Funeral Elegie.

What mid-day gropper, or what muffled eye,
 May not a second Chaos now espie ?
 When Time ly galping, and great *Titan* shall
 From the blind Heavens, like a dead *Cinder* fall.

The Signs are all fulfill'd we understand,
 That show the Worlds *Catastrophe's* at hand,
 Since GOSFORD's dead : who hath departed hence,
 A Victim to an unknown Providence,
 He singly being an *Hecatomb*, these times
 Require no less, to expiate our Crimes.
 And it's all one, if heavenly Powers agree,
 By Fire or Water whether it offer'd be.
 That in the ebb of Wisdom, Justice, Grace
 Upon the Land, in Floods they might take place.
 Great GOSFORD ! who both did, and understood,
 All that was generous, learned, virtuous, good,
 Heroick, valiant, just, and temperate,
 Whom none can equal, best but imitate.
 The *Nadir* and the *Zenith* of a Creature,
 Had reach'd the highest pitch of perfect nature,
 A Cherubim incarnate ! all do tell
 Of him, not as a Man, but *Miracle*.
 He was indeed a *Miracle*, and we
 That Miracles are ceas'd may now agree.
 But why this son of Peace should find a Grave,
 Within the bosom of an angry Wave ?
 Except he were a Jewel never sent,
 To be possess'd by one sole Element.
 And since he's gone, no Paradox appears,
 To drown him once more in our pensive Tears.
 Nature gave him (while Child) which most, in vain,
 By Art, and Industry, strive to obtain ;
 For he, long while before she did begin
 To un-effeminate his Cheeck, or Chin,
 Unto the *Muses* went the milky way,
 When others got the Birch, he got the Bay.
 Yet his precocious Vertues did presage
 His early Death, who did out-run his Age.
 Had he proportionally still increast,
 Of both the Trees to make an equal Feast,
 Of Life and Knowledge : Natures Funeral he
 At the grand Sessions, might have liv'd to see.
 Hence Angels courted him unto their Bours,
 Fitting their Consort rather far than ours :
 To Heav'n, since 'mongst our Fires he could not stay,
 He in a Watty-Chariot takes his way.

Dignum laude virum nona vetat mori.

N. PATERSON.

